Back to Farm Boys, Advice of Professor

BY DR. WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER. Professor of the University of Kansas and An Authority on

Social Problems.

For the tenderioot city boy who feels the call to get out on the soil and try out his fortune there was perhaps never a greater opportunity. Farm help is going to be scarce everywhere, and the wages will be relatively good. In a vast agricultural territory stretching from say Columbus, O. to Salina, Kan., and from Oklahoma City to Fargo, N. D., there will be places for tens of thousands more agricultural helpers than the market will be able to supply.

VNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JOHNNIE'S JOGGIFY.

Now, as soon as the fown is reached, let the youth inquire at the Chamber of Commerce, the government postoffice building, or the local newspaper office for a place to work on a farrm. Hesitate very little as to choice of places. The presumption is that you know nothing about farming. Engage anywhere for a week or two or trial to

Now, as soon as the town is reached, let the youth inquire at the Chamber of Sommerce, the government postoffice building, or the local newspaper office for a place to work on a farrm. Hesinate very little as to choice of places. The presumption is that you know nothing about farming. Engage anywhere for a week or two on trial, to work for your board and tuition.

Admit frankly that you do not know anything about farming, but that you are eager to learn. Then, go to it with all your might and learn—how to feed and harness a team; how to milk a cow or care for swine, how to feed poufity or clean out a barn; how to chop stove wood or repair a field fence; how to guide a horse or run a furrow; how to put out a garden or run a grain drill, etc., etc.

What you must work for assiduously for the first two or three weeks is,

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Where is it? Has anybody seen it?" chattered Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, one day, as he went skipping around the house.

"What are you looking for; your cap?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, Uncle Wiggily's muskrat iady house-

"No'm, if you please, not my cap this time," answered Johnnie. "I want my joggify."

"Your joggify? What in the world is that?" asked Uncle Wiggily himself, putting on his tall, silk hat, to get ready to go look for an adventure.
"My longify is my longify." answered

"My joggify is my joggify," answered Johnnie. "It's my joggify schoolbook, with maps in, an'—an' it tells you where things grow, an' what countries are not an' which are cold an' it tells you

how to get to a place when you don't know where it is an' all that. I want

my joggify!"

"Oh, he means his geography!"
haughed Uncle Wiggily. "I thought it was something like a jumping jack that he meant. But why do you want a schoolbook geography on Saturday when the lady mouse teacher hears no lessons?" asked the hunny rabbit gen-

essons?" asked the bunny rabbit gen-

"Oh, I'm going over to Sammle Lit-tletail's house," answered Johnnie.
"Billie's gone over there with his spell-ing book. And I want my joggify.
We're going to play school, Billy Wag-tail, the goat, he's going to be it—I mean the teacher. We're going to have jots of fun."

Market will be able to supply.

But of the scores of city boys who in times past have written begging me to help them get out on the form, nearly sill have displayed a striking lack of initiative and of a clear idea as to how to proceed. Be more than ever before, I am going to specify carefully the lines to follow.

During the chire month of March is a very good time to strike out for farm work.

The first step for the boy venturing favinward is to aim himself with a letter of commendation from some good business man or other person who can speak from knowledge as to the boy's character and reliability.

The second step is faithfully to spend the money for a ticket to the playe sharing to map. If one starts early in March perhaps he should hit Northern Oklahoma or Southern Kansas.

Now, as soon as the town is reached, let the youth inquire at the Chamber of Commerce, the government postoffice building or the local newspaper office.

To the city boy, accustomed to his \$4 per day, the farm wages will not seem

"No, that tells about the equator," said Johnnie.

An Ideal Woman

Oh, little gods of the Fiction Writers. Hear now the prayer of a "Gentle Render!" Send me—oh, send me—I pray three, just one nove! With a Real Woman for a betoins.

non a prigram, presenting little Polly-imm, eternally chattering platfacker. Nor a awagg clost, cannish Sylvia scarlett, with the vocabulary of a loughboy-driving a null, and the man-ters of a barmaid. Nor a soulless exolist, like Linda london nor a dri d giving dies Mary diver.

Not a hard-hearted fittle worldling, tith one virtue, m. lidad corpuscle, and a determination of five her can be, even though she may wrock corrected also as a little of the corrected as a little of the corrected also as a little of the correct

we catch a word here everybody else's.

Nor a scintillating puppet, who cannot open her lips without splattering but a normal, human, living mains.

But a normal, human, living mains.
Sane, sportaneous, courageous and fairly intelligent—

Never since we entered the ministry have we been so tempted to use

Sale, spontaneous, configeous and fairly intelligent—
Yet gentler than a rerfamed wind across a summer raries.
Tenderer than a spring romance, daintier than old lace, and more feminine than ruffles and rosemary!
A woman—modern to the linger tips, filled with a new delight in work, and a reverence for her own ideals.
Yet, still fragrant with old lavender thoughts and sweet with foolish little feminine impulses.
A live woman, pulsing with warm heart blood, high hopes, and glorious visions, edger for life and love—Yet, not a mordid erotic sighing for soul kisses!
A "woman who, understands," who a bit of refined but forceful profanity as we were yesterday when a gentleman arrived at the office with a set of books we ordered back in ante-prohibition days and had forgotten all about and demanded a \$47

A "woman who understands," who believes in men, in herself, and in the world, and knows in her heart that it is fast becoming a woman's world—Yet would rather talk poetry than eugenics, or plant a rose garden than start a strike!

A woman, sweet as a moonlight so-

A woman, sweet as a moonlight so-nata, glowing as a morning roke—yet not a simpering, magazine-cover girl! A real woman— Not a wooden marionette, with the noisy energy of an army tank, and an encyclopedia for a soul! Oh, little gods of the Fiction Writers, Send me a novel—just one novel— With a Real Woman for a heroine— The kind of a woman that men fall in love with.

That women admire and envy and

the Bazumpus, and, quickly pulling his nose out of the book, away he ran. "Don't you want to know where Uncle Wiggily lives?" Johnnie called after him, sareastic like and tantaliz-

ing.

"No, I've got to get my nose fixed—you broke it. I guess!" howled the Eazup, as I call him for short, though his nose was very long.

Away he ran, not getting any of the bunny gentleman's souse because of the trick Johnnie worked with his "joggifty." And then the squirrel boy ran on and played school and had lots of fun. And Mr. Longears was much obliged.

Household Hints

EY MRS, MARY MORTON

Irish Stew—Two pounds forequarter of lamb, two quarts of boiling water, four rablespoons flour, four botatoes, one onlon, one carrot, one white turnip, two teaspoons salt, one-eighth tea-

And if the Jumping Jack doesn't try
to dance up and down in the middle of
the apple pic and scare the piece of
these so it goes and hides in the
sugar bowl. I'll tell you next about
Uncle Wiggily and Billie's jam.

The siliced potabes are added last and
the season of the large of the large

"Well, does it tell on this page where Uncle Wiggily lives?" asked the bad chap, leaning over, and getting his long, thin nose closer and closer to the book. sistently.
"What division does that represent?"

"No, that page tells about where co-conuts grow!" cried Johnnie and then, as he was holding the book for the bad chap to look at, the squirrel boy suddenly closed it with a snap, catch-ing the long, thin nose of the unpleas-ant creature fast between the covers, she asked.
"That, ma'am," replied the ex-soldier.
"represents the division between me
and the United States army." "Ouch! Wouch! Skatouch!" howled



Oh, the things we bought in the olden days

Which were not like these at all; When every man was a millionaire,

And the lowliest tank thought he owned a bank-

Our butler. Cuttleworth, tells us that the tradespeople who come to the door to deliver their chops and chutney and marrowbones are be-coming exceedingly cocky about getting their money on delivery of the

Tillinghast, was obliged to let our limoustne stand in front of a petrol filling station all day because the blighter in charge of the pump would

not pump without the cash in hand. Meeting one of our tradespeople

on the highway today, we related these things to him and asked him what the tradespeople of our town are coming to. 'The tradespeople are coming to their senses,' he replied, which was jolly well said, if we

"What has become of the stuff we used to drink for chasers?" asks Joe Dunn. They are using it all in the Grade B milk these days.

Our valet, Meadows, says the same of the shopkeepers from whom

That have gone beyond recall. In the rare old, fair old, golden days,

And scattered wide his gold.

In the days of old.

But we couldn't understand

A word they sang all evening.

Could not understand a word

On the way out we stopped

At the box office and asked

What language was that

Opera sung in, anyhow?"

And the man replied; "It was sung in English"

Usually we can grab a word

We saw many others who

Here and there.

We like grand opera. We like it because We don't understand it.

We catch a word here and there -

In opera is fascinating For that reason.

The other night we went To hear "Oberon" By the Metropolitan crew

do say so ourself-haw-haw!

The sliced potatoes are added last and cooked with the rest of the ingredients for 20 minutes longer. The stew is then thickened by adding the flour mixed with cold water to a paste.

Mutton Ple—One pound of shoulder mutton half cup of flour, one onion, one carrot, six potatices, one tablespoon of fat substitute, one teaspoon of baking powder, sait.

Cook vegetables and meat in water to cover, but boil potatoes separately.

BY WILDRED WARSHALL

Bound in of course, one of the Sc inniber of Elizabeth, how we frequen

to be evolved from the shortening of Khanbeth to Beth, whence Bess shortly ty Bessee' is the granddaughter of Simon de Montford in the old English ballad.

o need comment, out through her Bess ad incredible popularity in the Eng-ish court, at least one out of every

talismante gent. It promises her cour-age, invincibility and long life. Sun-day is her lucky day and I her lucky number. The lily, signifying purity, is her flower. (Copyright, 1929, by the Wheeler Syn-dicate, Inc.)

Note to readers: Is there a fact con-cerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history, its meaning: it serivation and signifi-cance? Do you know your lucky day, and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall will rell you. Send self-addressed and stamped en-velope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News Scimitar.

Widow-Cisms

Prepare one cup of mashed botatoes into dice with other vesetables and place in baking dish. Add the diced meat and cover with the liquor in which these have been cooked slightly thickened with flour.

Mix the mashed potatoes with flour and baking powder and spread over the top of the dish. Bake for 20 minutes until crust is browned. oan who has been drawn for jury duty

has about the law.

A man may amuse himself, listening to the heoting of a cynical owl, or the cackling of a silly goose—but he marries at the first call of a cooing dove. Love comes faiteringly, on tip-toc--but departs in a flying machine.

Before marriage a woman primps in the hope that she may meet her "Fate," but after marriage she dons her "glid rags" in the hope that she will meet her worst enemy.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"What does my title man want to buy today—candy?" esked the kindly shoukceper, as the little boy entered. "You bet I do," was the reply. "but I've got to buy soap."

What's In a Name? Why Do Boys Prefer Old-Fashioned Girl?

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Pear Mrs. Thompson: Why do you always say that boys fike a good old-fashioned girl? You know that it is not true, and would be ashamed to make such an assertion. I am popular and I admit that I hug and kiss the boys.

As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY. AGREED TO DISAGREE.

believe in a double standard for men and women?"

"Why, of course," retorted the young wife with equal amazement. Then the croax-examination ended for the older sister threw up her hands in disgust and left the room and the young wife sished with a resigned all and wondered where her sister got those "freak ideas."

These two young women represent the two main factions into which women are dividing today. There are those who refuse to face facts, but rather continue to live along without questioning in any way the old order of things. Then there are those who question everything and would break down all of the old rules and regulations and try to throw out all of the old conventions.

The two factions should get together and they would probably find that both are partially right. Surely the very modern woman is right who believes that if a thing is morally wrong both for woman and man and that neither should be guilty of it. Surely she is right to uphold a single standard. Her single standard is not and should not be what any of her conservative sisters think it is, however. The single standard does not mean that the barriers should be removed and a woman allowed all of the license that a man is allowed. No, indeed, it means that the barriers and not just women. The modern woman wants freedom, not license. She wants to hold to the old ideals of womanhood being something finer, nobler, more sympathetic, sweeter than the other half of mankind and she intends to do it despite all pessimistic predictions.

Surely the mind and morals of the

all pessimistic predictions.
Surely the mind and morals of the

(Copyright, 1920.)

BRINGING UP FATHER —By George McManus



1920 BY INTL FEATURE SERVICE. INC.

tail squirrel house, since the hollow stump bungalow of Mr. Longears had burned.

"Has anyone seen my joggify, please?" asked Johnnie, upsetting his mother's sewing basket as he looked for his missing book.

"Here it is, where you and Billie had it last night, making believe it was a fort when you played the war game with your pop guns." said Uncle Wiggily, as he pulled the "joggify" out irom under the sofa.

"Now I'll run over and play school, and we'll have fun," said Johnnie, as he thanked the rabbit gentleman, and scampered over the fields and through the woods.

scampered over the fields and through
the woods.

"I'll come over after a while, and
see if you boys know your lessons,"
called Encle Wiggly, jolly like.

"All right," answered Johnnie. The
squirred boy was soon almost at Sammie's house, carrying his book under
his paw, when, all at once, out from
behind a sassafras bush, that would
soon begin growing green, popped the
bad old Bazumpus.

Now the Bazumpus is worse than
the Pipsisewah or the Skeezicks, and
Johnnie knew this.

"Oh, ho! There you are!" growled the
Bazumpus at Johnnie. "I was just waitling for some one to come along to tel
me."

"Tell you what?" Johnnie wanted to

"Tell you what?" Johnnie wanted to "Tell you what?" Johnnie wanted to know.

"Tell me where Uncle Wiggily Longcars lives," gurgled the Bazumpus. "I hear he has very good souse on his ears and I want some. But I do not know just where he lives, though I am sure it is somewhere around here."

Johnnie sort of shivered. He knew what would happen if he told this bad chap that the rabbit gentleman was stopping at the squirrel house. What was Johnnie to do?

"Come on! Hurry up! Tell nie where thele Wiggily lives!" howled the Bazumpus, and then, catching sight of the geography book under the squirrel boy's paw, the bad chap asked: "What's that?"

"My—my joggify," answered Johnnie.

"My-my joggify," answered Johnnie, who never could seem to get that word just right, "What's a joggify?" asked the Ba-zumpus, ignorant like and presump-

'It's a book to tell where things are

"it's a book to tell where things are, like the north pole, and the equator, and what countries are hot and which enes are cold," answered Johnnie. "That's what a joggify is."
"Ha! The very thing I need to tell me where Uncle Wigglly lives!" cried the Bazumpus, "Quick, open the book and show me."

show me. The enty thing Johnnie could do, so, hoping he might think of a plan to save the bunny uncle, the squirrel boy opened his geography, or "joggify," as he called it.
"Does it tell where Uncle Wiggify lives on this mage?" asked the Basumpus, pointing to one about the north pole.

pole. "No." answered Johnnie. "not there."
"Does it teil on this page." asked the Bazumpus, leafing one ever, and seaning down close to the book, because he was near sighted. And his nose was very long and this, very very long and this was the book of the Branuse.





Sour Milk or Buttermilk Bisquits-

Ham Biscuits-As with the chee

biscuits—As with the cheese biscuits use one tablespoon less short-ening than for plain biscuits. Add one half cup minced hard to the fity lagre-dients and shortening and proceed as before.

Raisin Biscuits—To the recipe for plain biscuits add one tablesmon granulated sugar to the dry ingredients and one-half cup cleaned and chopped raisins to the mixed shortening and dry ingredients. Proceed as before.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Circumstantial Evidence! GONE - . . .



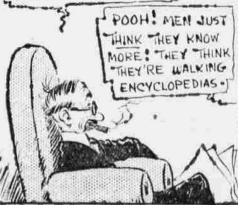




JOE'S CAR-Don't Need a Referee to Decide This Bout!



THERE'D NEVER BE ANY FAMILY BATTLES IF YOU'D' ONLY LISTEN MORE T'ME! A MAN KNOWS MORE ABOUT A CAR THAN H ...





AW SAY NOW LISTEN!

IF YOU'RE GONNA START





spected by others, than to lead a so-called butterfly existence and amount to little or nothing. I do not mean to be rude, but I am afraid that this is where you are beading. No real man loves a girl who has been too free with her "hugs and kisses," and sometimes very popular girls marry badly. When I advise girls to be old-fashioned and keep their self-respect, I am looking to their futures. One beau a lifetime is better than a dozen if he is the right kind and his intentions are serious.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Are girls born and bred simply to marry? My parents seem to think so, and I have wondered. LUCIA. Marriage and motherhood are the des-

she asked her sister, "Doesn't your ry to enter the wedded state. All that husband smoke" Do you think any less of him because he smokes a pipe all day long or a cigar after dinner."

No, of course not, was the indigmant reply.

"Well, do you think any less of me Am I any worse now than before I smoked, or am I any worse than he is?"

"Yes, he's a man and it's attraction."

Marriage and motherhood are the destiny of woman. Still one need not hurry to enter the wedded state. All that is necessary for a girl to do is to keep herself worthy of the love of a good man and occupied until he appears. Love has its place in the life of everyone and should not be forced. Neither should it be discussed constantly.

Dear Mrs.

Am I any worse now than before I smoked, or am I any worse than he is?"

"Yes, he's a man and it's different."

"Do you mean to tell me." the erring one asked in amazed forces, "that you believe in a double standard for men and women."

"Why, of course," retorted the young wife with equal amazement.

Then the cross-examination ended for the older sister threw up her hands in disgust and left the room and the

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a mar-ried woman, 30 years old, and I have two kiddles, one aged 3 years and the other 6 months. During the coming summer we mean to travel a good deal. what material shall I purchase for my best dress?

A pretty quality of crepe de chine, voile or satin will make you a lovely dress. Taffeta will also be worn.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Are beads or embroidery trimmings most shown? ANITA. The shops display both trimmings im-partially, so either, I take it, is good.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Will the Memphis Aeroplane company take girls as students, and have any women yet completed a course of training here? I have a cousin who is an ace and was recently discharged from the royal flying corps. He has bought a ship and I am wild to learn how to drive It.

ALIAS K. STINSON.

The airplane company here gives instructions to girls, but no woman has yet completed a course at piloting, although some are now enrolled as pupils.

though some are now enrolled as pupils.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Will you give me the name of a firm which will handle fine sewing? I have written you before, but received no reply. I live in the country.

Sorry my letter did not reach you. Glance through the paper and notice the advertisement of department store firms. Write personal letters to the managers and send sumples of work to each one. Inclose postage for reply.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—A girl whom I know patronizes me in the country, but is never nice to me in town. What would you do to cure her of her lofty city manner?

Be cool to her in the country and cooler yet when you see her in town. If she thaws in her manner, patronize her slightly. If she presents you a chance for discussion, frankly state that you do not care for people who are pleasant today and indifferent tomorrow.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—My husband is very carefree and pays the baby and me little attention. His business keeps him out of Memphis a great deal and when at home he reads or rambles about town. I am thinking of leaving him and going to work. What could I then do with the baby—board him somewhere and see him in the evenings?

You would be very foolish to leave your husband. Talk to him about how little you see him and how you miss his interest and attention. Wear the best clothes you can afford and always look nice and neat. Keep the baby attention to your complexion and hair. Read the newspapers and magazines. Learn to discuss subjects of interest. Work upon the theory that all men like interesting, well-clothed women.

To Edwin—Send your address and I will forward names and addresses which will probably be of interest.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am 35 years of age and I love a girl of 18. Will the difference in years influence our future, anould we decide to marry?

I think not If you endeavor to keep a youthful viewpoint.

To Snowdrop—Only flesh and blood uncles are privileged to kiss youthful and attractive nieces. I wouldn't allow the man you mentioned to be demon-

To the girl who wanted to become an attorney: A good sound education is needed before the law course is started. Your spelling is terrible.

For the Table

Scald the oysters in the boiling water, drain. Put the water in a sauceppan with butter and mace, bay leaves, sait and pepper. Let come to a boil, add cracker crumbs and milk, let come to a boil, add cracker crumbs and milk, let come to a boil, then add the oysters, cook two Linutes more, cut the centers of each slice of bread, piace on platter, brush each piece with melted butter substitute, put in quick oven to brown, fill with creamed oysters and serve.

Hamburg With Noodles—For the noodles: Into one egg stir pinch of salt and flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out as thin as pessible, allow to dry a short time, roll up and cut fine.

Shape one pound of hamburg steak into large cake about one inch thick. Brown well on both sides in hot fat. Add one cup of water. Cover and simmer one hour. Add sufficient boiling water to cover, then add the noodles. Continue cooking for 20 minutes.

Serve meat on large platter surrounded by noodles.

by noodles. Luncheon Dish-Take one-half pound Luncheon Dish—Take one-half pound hamburg steak, season with sait and pepper, shape in a ball and place in center of a large, deep baking dish. Pare and slice potatoes, sartange in dish layer of potatoes, sait, pepper, butter, flour and then another layer of potato until dish is full, covering meat. Then cover all with milk and water, equal parts, Bake one hour in moderate oven.

Cabbage Saiad—Select good, firm small head cabbage, chop finely; then place on lettuce leaves, pouring dressing over same.

Left-Over Cereal Muffins-Substitute e cup left-over cereal for a cup of our. Combine the cereal with the

milk.

Apple Cake—Spread muffin mixture one-half inch thick on greased pans and lay small sections of apples on top of dough and sprinkle with spiced sugar. Bake half an hour in a slow oven or until the apples are soft and the cake brown.

Sally Lunn—Add two eggs to the muffin mixture and use one less teatmont.

Sally Lunn—Add two eggs to the muffin mixture and use one less teaspoon
baking powder. Bake in a greased pan
in a moderate oven half an hour.
Orange Cup Cakes—One cup of sugar,
three tablespoons of butter substitute,
two eggs well beaten added to sugar
and butter substitute which have been
creamed together, one and one-half cups
of flour, one and one-half teaspoons of
baking powder, one-half teaspoons of
baking powder, one-half cup of orange
juice and the grated rind of one orange.
Bake in gem pans for 20 minutes and
while hot roll in powdered sugar.